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Black Exchange

# The Black and Gold

WINSTON-SALEM CITY  
HIGH SCHOOL



NOVEMBER, 1921

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## The Black and Gold

Chilly? Yes, its chilly  
And perhaps a little cold.  
But if you want to get warmed up  
Just read the "Black and Gold".

There's fun in here aplenty  
And your sides you'll have to hold;  
If you don't you'll surely split them  
When you read the "Black and Gold."

Sad stories you'll find there also,  
Stories that touch your soul.  
You can hardly keep the tears back  
When you read the "Black and Gold".

If you should read something about yourself  
And it seems insulting and bold,  
Just remember that it's all in fun  
If it's in the "Black and Gold".

We picked the best of the business men,  
And to them our ads we sold.  
So trade with the generous merchants  
Who chose the "Black and Gold".

Better reading matter cannot be found  
I speak with a knowledge bold.  
I don't ask you to believe me—  
Just read the "Black and Gold."

—R. Alton Jaxon.

# The Black and Gold

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Published by the Upper Classes of the Winston-Salem  
City High School

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VOL. XI

NOVEMBER, 1921.

No. 1

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## "The Old Home"



SMART Paige roadster swung into sight and stopped suddenly before the humble farm house. The millionaire jumped out and leisurely lighted a cigar. Turning to his chauffeur, he looked at his wrist watch and said,

"Ben, be back in an hour and a half as I have an engagement to play golf. It is now two-thirty."

The car started off and our stranger sauntered up the path.

"So this is the home that I left thirty years ago! It seems funny that I did not hear until to-day that the home was left to me and that my poor old Mother was dead. Ah! My dear, dear Mother, here is the chair where you have so patiently darned my stockings and patched my overalls. After all, those days were happiest."

He took a key from his pocket and the rusty lock admitted him into the house. He took one look around. How familiar! How dear to him! How he had dreamed many and many a night of these very old rag rugs, of this same old granfather's clock! Tears seemed to blind him for a moment.

"Here, in this very spot, right under the picture of our grandfather, Sister May was married. I wonder if they are happy."

The wanderer turned to go up the broad oaken steps where he once ran so nimbly patting his bare feet on each stair. He crossed the hall to his Mother's room—all was the same, the great oak bed where she had slept, her work basket, her small low rocker and the great old fireplace where they all roasted chestnuts on long winter evenings. His bed room was next.

"Here! Here is the very chest where I kept my treasures and they have kept them all for me! They are still here, every one of them!" He became excited. "The bird nests, my marbles, my slate and pencil, all of them!" He was like a little boy again. "The robin's nest is still right out of my window but the birds are gone."

Suddenly realizing that time was passing, he glanced at his watch.

"Oh! its only three-thirty. I'll have time to go down to the old swimming hole."

Going through the dining room he was reminded of the marvelous spreads that once covered that same old table. He was unable to swallow the lump in his throat. Putting his hand on the back of a big chair he murmured, "Here father sat and asked the blessing while we boys were nearly frantic to get our teeth into the turkey. And the Christmas tree always stood here, yes, right in this corner."

On through the kitchen he went. The churn! His back fairly ached with the memories it gave him. He walked slowly out. It almost seemed as if he could smell the cakes that were baked in the great oven on Saturdays. The yard, too, brought happy and sad recollections.

"This old branch used to hold a swing for us, a good swing it was too. Ah, how many times have I raced down to the pasture with Wolf! He must be dead, and how he wanted to go with me when I left!"

Just like old times he lifted the pasture bars but there was no soft eyed "bossy" to walk slowly out. There ahead of him was the old swimming hole, right in that clump of trees. But this place seemed different from all the others, for the boys still used it and now it was somebody else's swimming hole. With boyish eagerness he made a dash for it. Thrills, those old time thrills, made him speechless. He just gazed open-mouthed. It was alive with boys. Suddenly an inspiration came to him. His watch said that it was five o'clock. Bah! What did it matter? Let the golf go! Starting with a run he leaped over the pasture bars, straight around the house, and out to his roadster. Ben was dozing. He shook him.

"Wake up! Hey, Ben! Wake up! Drive back to town and tell them that we are going to stay out here to-night and get up at day-break and—and go in the old swimming hole."

—Elizabeth Brooks, '22.



## The Grassville Mystery



RASSVILLE was undoubtedly the sleepiest village in Indiana, and perhaps in the United States. At any rate Uncle Bill was repeating to his friends (for the six hundred and twenty-eighth time) how he "nearly was shot in the Civil War". Just as he was coming to the climax of his story he heard his wife, Susie, who was in the front room, exclaim:

"For Lands Sake! Bill! Look a'hear!"

Uncle Bill, accompanied by three of his friends, went to the door and saw, coming up the path, a stranger boy. The boy looked as if he had been walking for a long time, as his clothes were in tatters, his face and hands dirty, and even his smile seemed rather feeble.

"You look like you was tired," said Uncle Bill.

"I am, but not too tired to work," replied the boy.

"You talk like you wanted a job."

"I do! Can I get one in this town?"

"Well, I dunno," drawled Uncle Bill. "Mike talked like he wanted a boy in his store; maybe he can git you some work."

"Where is Mike's store?"

"Jes' t'other side o' Maria's."

"Where's Maria's?"

"Down next to Aunt Ruby's."

"But I don't know where Aunt Ruby lives."

"She lives in the house where they had the Lawn Party in 1904."

"How many stores are there in town?" inquired the boy.

"Jes' one."

"Thank you," the boy said as he turned and went down the path.

Fred (which proved to be the boy's name) had no trouble in getting a job at the store, as Mike was getting old and tired of sweeping up the floor and answering the telephone, which was made of string tied to a tin can and stretched to the adjoining house. As a matter of fact the string had been broken for eight years.

The following morning Fred went to school and experienced the sensations that a new pupil always does. Little boys whispered to each other about him; the girls did the same, with the addition of giggling; but the older boys were wondering who he was, and what he was doing in Grassville. One boy thought he was a robber, and was hunting for safety; another was sure he was a detective; still another suspected that he was a great inventor and had come to the town to keep his invention secret. But the general opinion seemed to be that he was a thief and had escaped from a reformatory.

So, with such stories being told about him, he had a hard time,



and even old Mike kept his eye on him in a way which made Fred feel very uncomfortable. Still he worked steadily at his job, and did not talk much about his past life.

One day Fred went to the Post Office to get some stamps. While purchasing them he became engaged in conversation with the Postman.

"I don't think I've ever seen you before; what's your name?" inquired the Postman.

"Fred. What's yours?"

"Jim."

"That so? My Dad's name was Jim and my brother's, too. 'Least I think that was my brother's name; I never saw him, 'cause he didn't live with Dad and me. Dad went out to see him sometimes, but he usually stayed with me. It doesn't make any difference, tho, 'cause there're thousands of Jims in the world."

"Well," exclaimed Jim, after Fred had told him a little more of his past experiences, "you came here in a way very similar to mine. I lived in Wyoming until the outbreak of the war, and then Dad volunteered, leaving me in the care of a man who moved to Grassville three years ago. I had a brother and two older sisters somewhere, but I don't remember where they lived."

As time passed Fred worked harder and harder at his job, tho he knew he had no chance of promotion because Mike thought him a thief. Still he had one true friend—Jim.

People often asked Jim why he associated with such a wicked boy as Fred, but he always answered, "He's traveling the same road I traveled three years ago, and I want to help him if I can."

Late one afternoon Mike and Fred were counting the money in the cash drawer, when Fred saw the negro mammy, who lived across the street, come rushing out of her cabin, look up in the sky for a moment, and then exclaim:

"Obadiah! Obadiah! Come out an' see this here hawk! Bring the chilluns with you, too!"

Obadiah emerged from the cabin followed by Zechariah, Jonah and Amos.

"Amos, you run in de house an' wake up Song of Solomon," commanded Obadiah. "Jes' listen to that hawk's teef chatter!"

By this time all the people in town were out on the road looking at the approaching aeroplane. Suddenly it dove down and landed on a field within a mile of Grassville.

"Fred," said Mike excitedly, "you stay here and tend to the store while I get that aviator to make a speech to us to-night."

When Mike reached the 'plane he found that the aviator was not in much of a mood for speaking, as his engine was out of order; but he promised to talk in Grassville at nine o'clock.



At eight-thirty people began to come into the Court House to hear the great aviator speak.

Fred, stopping in at the Post Office on his way to the event, said: "Let's go down to the Court House to-night, Jim."

"I'm coming, but I'll be a little late," he replied. "You go on."

At nine o'clock Mike (known as Mr. Adams when he appeared in his dress suit), advanced onto the shaky Court House rostrum, followed by the aviator.

"Citizens of Grassville," he began, "it gives me great pleasure to introduce to you the greatest aviator in America. He is leading in the trans-continental race, and—"

But suddenly Mike stopped, while Fred rushed up to the platform and, holding the aviator's arm, cried, "Oh! Daddy!!"

The door opened and Jim entered. He stood gazing at the aviator for a moment, and then, running up to him, exclaimed, "Father!"

—Edward Rondthaler, Jr., '23.

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## To The Golden Rod

To the place of Marigolds  
And dewy roses, sweet,  
There springs a host of golden rod  
Beneath our plodding feet.

Like star dust is the yellow mass  
That kindles in a day,  
And burns into a yellow flame  
Along the bleak highway.

Against the grayness of the sky  
Above the trees, now bare,  
The golden rod in clusters  
Makes an autumn—oh, so fair!

Every day as I wander on  
You flutter close and nod.  
Oh, Jack Frost, please do spare us  
The *golden* golden rod!

—Dore Davis, '23.

## Aunt Madge's Romance

East Bend, N. C., September, 19, 1921.

Dearest Jill:

Now don't get excited and shout "Bloody Murder", or faint or do anything else rash, but just sit, calm and collected, until I finish what I consider a fine bit of romance.

You of course know how queer we all think it is that my Aunt Madge never married, and also how much she hates white roses; just can't bear for us girls to wear them.

Well, as you know, I am visiting at Grandma's. Yesterday afternoon she attended the Missionary Society and left me at home to entertain myself. Before leaving she gave me a key and said, "This key unlocks the door of Madge's room; I always keep it locked when she is away, but she won't be home for a year yet and probably you can find some old novels to read."

I took the key; it was just a usual-sized, ordinary, everyday key and didn't look at all a key to unlock mysteries.

The day was hot so several of us went in the river, swimming. When I came home I suddenly thought of the key and taking it in hand mounted the stairs. Aunt Madge's room has always been a source of wonder to me and many times I have stood in front of its door and tried to guess what it contained. Did I tell you last winter at school about her? She is mother's youngest sister and she used to be the belle of "the town", as the people here call this tiny place. She was very beautiful, sweet, and good, was so interested in everything, and then out of the clear sky she suddenly left for a ten year's tour of Europe. That was nine years ago, and she was not expected home until next June.

As I mounted the stairs to her room I felt very much like an uninvited guest, but on I went. My heart beat very fast as I turned the key and then stood still. The door squeaked on its rusty hinges and slowly swung open. A faint ray of sun-light crept in through a broken blind and I could dimly see a tall, old-fashioned bed with dainty white curtains around it, just like the pictures of Martha Washington's bed. All the furniture was old-fashioned and carved in many queer designs.

Of course I began rambling through the closets and dresser and an old chest. Jill, if you could only have been with me! In the dresser were lots of laces, ribbons, all kinds of old pins, bracelets and beads. The closet made me yell for joy. There were dresses of long ago, Basques, wasp-waists, tight sleeves, puffed sleeves, and funniest of all were the nine gored skirts, lined, boned, fully eight yards wide and touching the ground all around. I laughed till I

ached; I dressed and I undressed. Then spying the chest I tried to open it. But try as I would no lock nor key could I find. I was determined to open it or die trying, so I knelt down by it to see what could be holding it shut. I must have touched a secret spring, for the next thing I knew I was lying on the floor. Anyway, the chest was open, so a bumped nose didn't count.

Oh, Jill, talk about hope-chests, and trousseaus! That chest left them out of sight. On top was a package wrapped in fine white paper, so I laid it aside. Such a lot of real linen, hand work every stitch! There were bed room sets, towels, dish cloths, everything, and all so neat, all so dainty and beautiful!

On I rambled till I reached the bottom. In one corner lay a box. I opened it but closed it quickly, for what right had I to read Aunt Madge's love letters?

Then I spied a queer little book which proved to be her diary. And such a diary it was! High School days, parties, picnics, balls, College life—and then it was the mystery began to unfold itself. At College Aunt Madge met him. He was a Senior and she a Junior. Naturally there were stolen walks and rides, secret meetings, and many notes and flowers. Thus it went on until the night of his graduation. Rules were suspended and they were of course together. It was June; the campus was green and the roses in bloom. After the Senior dance, at which she was dressed all in pink and wore a large bouquet of white roses, they were strolling slowly homeward. Pausing beneath an arch of white roses he told her of his love and asked her to be his bride. The next day they each went home. The days which followed were spent in reading and answering his long and tender messages. They were bright, sunny days, he busy planning and saving for the bungalow; she industriously sewing and making her trousseau. Then came the days when she no longer heard from him; the sleepless nights of anxious waiting for the letters which did not come! The trousseau had all been finished except the wedding dress of white satin. It was never made. The evening paper bore this news, one cloudy, cold, winter day. "Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Enel announce the marriage of their daughter Ellen to Mr. Robert Reede."

That was all, but it was enough. The next week Aunt Madge left for Europe.

That was nine years ago. I arose hastily feeling that I had pried into a sacred secret. My eyes fell on the package I had first removed; my fingers trembled as I hastily unwrapped it. Imagine what it was if you can!—White silk gloves, white satin pumps, a long lace veil, and ten yards of Dutchess satin!

It was the wedding dress that was never made. In its folds was a picture of a man. It was not necessary to tell me who.



It could be none other than Robert Reede, Aunt Madge's sweetheart.

I was so intent looking at the picture, that I did not hear the foot steps on the stair and not until some one entered the room did I look around. Imagine my feelings if you can, for it was Aunt Madge herself.

What did I do? Don't ask me . . . . The first think I knew she was by my side, kissing the slippers, the satin and even me!

Well, that was yesterday. This morning bright and early a big car sped up to Grandma's gate; out jumped a man; out ran Aunt Madge to meet him, the Honorable Robert Reede.

She had met him in Paris three weeks before and everything had been all straightened out. The Mr. Reede who was married was "Uncle Bob's" cousin. Why his letters never arrived will always be a mystery, but enough said. They are to be married two weeks from to day and I am to be the brides-maid.

I am so filled with excitement that I can scarcely write, so when this wedding is over and we come back to earth again I will write and tell you all about it.

Much love, Your Pal,

NELL.

—*Ida Mae Kiger, '22.*

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### **My Lament**

A verse we must write,  
There is no other way.  
I have tried it all night.  
I have tried it all day.


I thought I could do it,  
With ease don't you see.  
But now that I've tried it.  
The ease seems to flee.

I have tried to write about winter.  
I have tried to write about fall.  
But when I try to write them,  
The words won't rhyme at all.

O poet, from whence comes thy learning?  
Please tell me and I will see,  
If some day I can't be a poet  
As great and learned as thee.

—*LaVern Tesh, '24.*

## The Mahogany Chair

IMMIE had been reading in his jungle book about rubber and other trees which grow in that hot climate. He was especially interested in the mahogany tonight because of his mother's new chair. He had asked her if it came from the jungle and she had told him it did. Jimmie now lay on a rug before the fire thinking of things the mahogany chair must have seen and heard.

Things had become very quiet in the room so the new chair rolled her knot-eye around to see if Jimmie was asleep, and finding him so began to talk in a superior way. It was her first night and she really didn't belong there because she was the only mahogany piece of furniture in the room and was a bit inclined to be stuck up, as all mahogany chairs are. She folded her arms, crossed her legs and settled back comfortably.

"I don't like Mrs. Brown at all," she began. "She talks of me quite carelessly, and even connects me with some of you in her conversation."

At this direct insult the settee turned her back in disdain and the vase on the mantel, who had stretched her neck and opened her mouth in astonishment, snapped her mouth shut and remained silent the rest of the evening.

"And that boy Jimmie!" she resumed, "flops down on me without any respect at all. To show my rank, I can trace my ancestors for centuries back—how they stood staunch in the raging storm, and how they stood the attacks of the wild beasts—while I doubt if any of you know your own parents." The chair raved on until it was quite unbearable. The bed nodded her head sleepily—the vase suppressed a yawn. Then, to relieve the monotony, the spindle-leg chair began to dance a minuet with grandfather clock and immediately tripped over the foot of the bed, (which was absurdly slung out.) Poor grandfather tumbled down but checked the fall with his out-stretched hands.

At this strange commotion Jimmie began to stir and they had barely enough time to scramble back into their respective places before their young master woke.

—Margaret Sharpe, '23.



## Lark



ARKMAN was a peculiar man. In the first place, he had a very peculiar face. If you looked at him from a distance of a few yards or more he did not seem to be over thirty years of age. On the other hand, when you came within a few feet of him, the wrinkles on his face made him appear ten or fifteen years old. Parkman also had an unusual personality. For one thing, he was very superstitious. A fortune teller had informed him a few days before that he would save a beautiful girl from a gang of "roughnecks." Parkman had believed every word of this questionable prophecy.

As he was nearing his home one evening, Parkman was trying to picture the looks of the beautiful girl. He had just reached a conclusion when his day dreams were suddenly interrupted by a loud cry of distress.

"Help! Help!" wailed a distinctly feminine voice.

Parkman did not wait to hear a repetition of the cry. He turned the corner as fast as his legs could carry him. Then he paused for a moment to take in the scene before him. There, standing directly opposite, was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. She was looking with horrified eyes in the direction of three rough looking characters who were running toward her.

Then Parkman suddenly became alert again. He ran to the girl, seized her and darted around the next corner. He kept on for another block and finally staggered up the steps of his own house.

When they had entered the front door, the girl, who had already regained her feet, looked at Parkman for the first time.

"Why!" she said with a grasp, "who are you?"

"You need not fear," answered Parkman. "I am your friend."

Then, suddenly, Parkman gave a cry of surprise. The girl had fainted!

"The excitement must have been too much for her," thought Parkman as he administered simple restoratives to the unconscious form.

It was several minutes before the girl was fully conscious again. Then she rose, somewhat weakly, to her feet and walked to the door. Before she opened the door, however, she turned around and addressed the astonished Parkman.

"Perhaps," she said very coldly, "it would interest you to know that you have ruined a whole scene in one of the film sensations of the year."

She turned on her heel and left the room.

Parkman gazed steadily at the door for several minutes.

"Oh, well," he finally said aloud, "maybe I will have better luck next time."

—James Hanner, '23.



## The Hallowe'en Story



LITTLE Billy came running into the yard to where Uncle Joe sat on a log whittling.

"Uncle Joe," he cried, "I want you to tell me why we have Hallowe'en. I can't find anybody who can tell me, and I want to know."

"Well, bless yo' soul, child. Yo' shore done gone an' ax me a question what I can't answer. Ah ain't neber heerd why der is a Hallowe'en, but ah sho' kin tell yuh why ah ain't neber had no use fer dis heah t'ing whut yuh calls Hallowe'en," said Uncle Joe still whittling.

"Oh, Uncle Joe, is it a story?" Billy eagerly sat down in front of Uncle Joe.

Wal, I reckon dats' whut y'u'd call hit. But me, I calls hit a mighty narrer 'scape. Dat's whut I calls hit."

"Please tell it to me," begged Billy.

"Wal, yuh jist set right still heah an' listen. But, yuh bettah promise tuh git dem lessins, atter I get th'ough talkin' tuh yuh, 'fore yo' paw gets me fer not lettin' yuh study."

"Oh, I'll study all right. Only tell me the story!" Billy promised.

"Onct upun a time," began Uncle Joe, "'way back yondah, dis 'sperience happened. Hit war in de days when I wuz co'tin'. Wal, dis night, whut I's gwina tell yuh about, wuz de night I wuz gwine tuh see mah gal. Naw, hit warn't Aunt Sary, hit war a gal named 'Lizabeth Greene. Ah wuz gwina 'pose tuh her dat night, an' had a gran', long speech done made up, whut I wuz gwine tuh say tuh her.

"I started out, all dresst up, tuh see dis heah gal. Jist as I got 'bout ha'fway down de steps, sumptin' lak a clothes-war, riz right up in front uv me, an' went kerplunk out in de ya'd. Jist den, ah heerd sum laughin' an' ah said a few Sund'y school words, and started on down the road, sayin' dat speech tuh mah se'f.

"Jist as ah got 'bout ha'f-way tuh duh woods, sumptin' white come right up in front uv me. Mah hair sho' done riz on top uv mah haid. Dat white ting said, 'Wait!' but at ain't in duh habit o' waitin' fer white 'tings lak dat, so ah jist lit out 'crosst a corn-field.

"When ah got in de middle uv dat corn-patch, ah seen about a million yaller lights comin' towards me. Ah jist prayed, 'Oh, Lord, don' yuh let dem debels git me, 'cause I'se gwina be good atter dis.' But all de time ah kept runnin'.

"An' den, right dar in front uv me wuz dem dark woods, dat had a ol' hanted house in dem. Ah jist shet mah eyes, an' started in dem. Ah bumped into sumptin' whut ah thought wuz a tree,

but it suttinly must a been a talkin' tree 'cause hit said, 'Come on, Joe, ah's got yuh.' Ah neber looked tuh see ef hit war a tree, but ah shore done sum runnin' away frum hit.

"Den ah come tuh dat dar ol' hanted house. Ah opened mah eyes an' looked to-w'd hit, an' der wuz a light in eb'ry winder, an' a row uv hants all 'round hit. Dey sta'ted tow'ds me.

"Mah laigs got tuh tremblin' but atter a while dey started runnin' an' dey shore done sum runnin outa dem woods, ah ken tell yuh.

"When ah got tuh de road, ah begins tuh git mah breaf, but ah looked up de road an' der come a man widout eny haid. Ah shore giv him dat road, yes, siree, ah did.

"Atter he passt, ah crept 'long in de aidge uv a terbaccar patch 'til ah come tuh 'Lizabeth's house. Den ah knocked on huh do'. She opened hit an' said, 'Why Joe, whut made yuh so late? Ah thought yuh nebber wuz comin.'

"Ah jist set down in de neares' chair an' said, 'Lizabeth, ah knows ah's be'n purty mean, but ah's gwina be a heap bettah atter dis. Ah's done seen de debel an' all his angels to-night, an' ah jist want ter ax yuh tuh pray fer me.'

"Dat der gal jist set down an' laughed fit ter kill huhse'f, an' said, 'Joe, doncha know dat dis is Hallowe'en?'

"Huh laughin' at me made me mad, an' ah jist grabbed mah hat an' left, an' ah ain't neber 'posed to dat gal yit."

—Lena Goff, '23.



## The Sun



FAITHFULLY, silently, continuously does the golden Sun pour forth its bright rays of light. We don't see its light all the time, nor are we supposed to, but, as long as there has been such a thing as time, this ever faithful friend has given out its light to all the world. Though clouds may hide our view from the skies, just the same, behind those clouds is to be found the everlasting Sun. No matter where a person may go, sunlight is in that place sometime during twenty-four hours. Think what wonders this most illuminating ball has wrought through all the past ages! Think what wonders it does to-day—now—and what it will do in ages to come! Necessary to all forms of life is daylight. Can you imagine a world with no daylight—no plants and beautiful flowers, no vegetation or growth, no sweet singing of birds—a world of blackness? No one can. There would be no world.

Early in the morning we look eastward. A most beautiful sight meets our gaze. There, along the horizon, is a beautiful, golden gleam beginning to light up this hemisphere for the day! Brighter and brighter the gleam grows. Generally a cloud passes over part of it, only to make the scene more beautiful. A deep purple mass outlined with gold appears where we see the cloud. Then another, and still another cloud comes, making the sight more beautiful than ever. However, this beauty cannot last continuously, for we later observe the Sun to be rising higher in the heavens. On and on it rises, giving forth its light and heat, until it has finally reached its greatest height in the heavens. Then the Sun spends the afternoon sinking, slowly and slowly, but not to hinder its brightness, as yet. Finally we find it has done its duty for the day, so the daylight gradually grows dim, men cease their work, and everything begins to quiet down for the evening.

But sights more beautiful are to be seen at this particular time, for, when the Sun draws near the horizon in the west, it shoots forth its rays all over the sky, changing the dark clouds to beautiful masses of all colors, at the same time giving them a very bright outline. We look southward; we look northward; we look directly toward the west. How interesting it is to see that those clouds to the north and to the south appear of a paler color than those to the west, which partially hide the sun. The sky grows clearer and we see a perfectly round, dark red ball of fire—the Sun! It begins to sink lower and lower, the clouds grow dimmer, and finally we are left to be lighted by the moon and the stars. Its work half



done, the ball of fire rises for the other hemisphere, lighting it while we slumber.

What is that we look forward to every day with great expectation, that the sweet singing of the birds and the growth of all life depends on? What is it that brings beauty to this world? It is light—the Sun!

—*Henry Pfohl*, '23.

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## Thanksgivin's Here

### I.

When th' wind is blowin' chilly  
All 'round th' house an' barn.  
An' th' leaves are turnin' yaller,  
An' we've gathered in the corn;  
When th' birds are flyin' south'ard,  
An' th' snow will soon be here;  
When th' frost is on th' pumpkin,  
Then we know Thanksgivin's near.

### II.

An' when we gather in th' logs  
A merry fire to make,  
While granny's in th' kitchen  
A makin' up th' cake,  
An' th' turkey's gittin' sadder  
As th' fateful day draws near,  
An' th' nuts are in th' attic,  
Then we know Thanksgivin's here.

### III.

When we tiptoe to th' kitchen'  
An' peep in thro' th' crack,  
While th' turkey's in th' oven  
An' th' fruit's upon th' rack;  
An' when we see th' feast before us,  
An' while we're drawin' near,  
We realize that we're hungry  
An' we know Thanksgivin's here!

—*Lois Owen Womble*, '23.

## The Wish Fulfilled

*Becky and I will take dinner with you to-morrow.*

—"Jack."

The telegram fell from Mrs. Thompson's trembling fingers as she sank into the large porch rocker. The soft summer sunshine, filtering its bright gleams through the leafy vine which shaded the broad veranda, finally fell with caressing tenderness upon the silver-crowned head which was bowed, as if in sorrow. Mrs. Thompson, however, was far from being in a sorrowful frame of mind; on the other hand, she was experiencing intense joy caused by the fact that one of her dearest wishes seemed near realization. For the past five years she had anxiously awaited the event which this telegram seemed to herald.

As she sat in the sunshine, Jack, her *own* dear boy came before her in a vision—a beautiful dream. A stalwart, manly figure he was, Jack, with steel grey eyes which looked straight into one's soul. How her heart thrilled at sight of him! She watched him grow from childhood to manhood. War came, cruel, mad, ruthless war—the war that took Jack away for three years. But the dream ended with Jack back from the war and making good as a lawyer in a nearby town.

There was one thing, however, that worried Mrs. Thompson. Jack never seemed to care for girls. Oh, of course, he was not a stick-at-home sort of fellow. On the contrary he was known for his genial smile, his boyishness, gallantry, and pleasant repartee. But—all his smiles and bits of flattery were spilled forth to Mary, or Jane, or Sally, or Virginia or Grace—just any of the girls he happened to meet! Mrs. Thompson wished Jack would choose some bright, lovable girl—and marry her!

Now the telegram said, "*Becky and I will take dinner with you tomorrow.*"

"Becky? Yes, Becky. Oh—er—now, oh, maybe that is Jack's girl. Maybe at *last* he has decided to marry. Now I am glad," thought Mrs. Thompson, drawing the conclusion that Becky was her daughter-to-be.

Then with a soft laugh she came to life, and smiling, went into the house.

Did Mrs. Thompson go in to dream again, or to run over the hill to Lucy's and tell her the news? No, she did not even glance in the direction of the telephone. Instead she began planning the menu for the all-important dinner. Passers-by smelt savory odors from the kitchen and remarked that Mrs. Thompson must be expecting company. Choicest preserves and jellies were ruthlessly taken from their hiding places; the cake box was filled with Jack's favorite varieties; in fact, the "fatted calf" was killed.

Evening came, finding Mrs. Thompson tired, but happy; at last night came—and sleep.

The next day, Sunday, dawned clear and bright. The happy mother arose early and put the finishing touches upon her work; she sat down impatiently awaiting the arrival of her son's much-used runabout. Anxiously she scanned the horizon; anxiously she strained her ears for the welcome sound of the croaking klaxton. Minutes, hours passed. At last, just as despair was about to fill Mrs. Thompson's heart, something appeared over the hill-crest. It was not, however, the familiar runabout, but the long grey body of a shining new racer. Surely, the driver was not Jack. No, yes, it was he, for her maternal eye recognized its own. But alas! He was alone! With a woman's curiosity she was out on the porch just as the pretty racer came to a standstill. Jack, jumping from the car, ran towards her with out-stretched arms. Smothered in his strong embrace Mrs. Thompson began to make rather incoherent inquiries about Becky. At last, freeing herself, and looking straight into the eyes of her son, she made him understand that she wanted to know about Becky.

And then a peal of laughter, clear and ringing broke from Jack's lips.

"Becky? Why, mother, Becky is the pet name for my new racer. Isn't she a beauty? Why, I wrote you about her in my letter, didn't I?" And still laughing, Jack ran upstairs to prepare for dinner.

Once in his own room, however, he drew a picture from his pocket and looked long and lovingly into the eyes of a beautiful girl.


"Just to think," he softly whispered, "I met her only last week and she has promised—Oh," he cried happily, as he bounded down the step, "Mother, I have something to tell you tonight!"

—Dore Davis, '23.





## Turkey and Mohammedanism

 HERE is a great contrast between the church going of America and that of the Orient. The source of this contrast is, of course, the great difference in the belief. Unfortunately the belief that out-numbers all others in the East is Mohammedanism. While in Constantinople, Turkey, one of the centers of Mohammedanism, I visited one of the Mohammedan places of worship, a mosque.

Upon approaching the Mosque the first sight that commanded our attention was some Turks bathing their feet under streams of water which flowed from the side of the building. We were told by our guide, a Turk who spoke English very well, that this was required of the worshipers before entering the masque, but that it would not be required of us. We had not been accustomed to bathing our feet at such places, but if it was necessary in order to enter the mosque we were willing to adopt the slogan, "When in Turkey do as the Turks do." Were we honored guests that they had exempted us from the foot bath? This question was answered when we were informed by our guide that a toll of five Turkish Piastres each was charged all tourists. The toll amounting to only about three and a half cents in American money, we consented to pay it.

At the door we were fitted with a pair of sandals (which were put on over our shoes) by the door-keeper. Did an usher meet us at the door? No, if he had we would have been asked to have a seat on the floor, as the mosque affords no chairs or benches. The interior of the mosque was very artistically decorated with blue tile. Small oil lamps were hanging from the ceiling. Turkish prayer rugs were spread on the west side of the mosque, and worshipers were kneeling on these rugs, reading the Koran, the Mohammedan bible.

An old priest sat in one corner, who appeared to be teaching some Turks seated about him on the floor. But as for us, his teaching was in vain, as our Turkish vocabulary was limited to about two words and we did not hear him use either of them.

The doors are open at all times for those who wish to worship. Friday is the day that they set apart as a Sabbath, but it is poorly observed. Only banks close for Friday. No such thing as religious freedom exists in Turkey. The religion is a part of the government. When a Turk is born his religion is already determined. The Mohammedan creed requires that a Mohammedan take the life of one or more Christians.

—Donald W. Conrad, '23.

# The Black and Gold

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Published by the Upper Classes of the Winston-Salem  
City High School

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SUBSCRIPTION PRICE - - - - - ONE DOLLAR THE YEAR

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Entered at the Post Office at Winston-Salem, N. C.,  
as Second Class Mail Matter

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## Editorial

### THE BLACK AND GOLD



THE NEW school term which we have just entered, holds great promises in store as the greatest school year in our history. The enrollment is the greatest and the faculty the most efficient we have ever had. To every student in the High School, the new school year brings new opportunities for the cultivation of mind and the acquirement of knowledge.

To the school and especially the staff of the Black and Gold there come also greater opportunities for service. The Black and Gold is the center of our school pride, and with the rich experiences of our predecessors to guide us, it should be our highest aim to uphold the high standard of literary excellence which they have set for us, and even to raise it to a height it has never reached before.

If you are not a member of the Black and Gold Staff, remember

that the Black and Gold is yours, too, and therefore deserves your hearty support. It is our school magazine; then let us contribute something to its pages that is really worth while; something that will be truly representative of our High School motto, "Where only the best is good enough." To this end let us pledge ourselves to work together giving in service our greatest efforts to the utmost of our ability.

—E. P.

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## SCHOOL SPIRIT

Hail to W. H. S.! She's worth the praise. We all love her and why not. She has a reputation of which we can well be proud. And when it comes to pep—why she's full of that! Likewise, you can count on W. H. S. to do her part in every thing. She's not the one to come up lacking in the end.

Those are ideal statements to be made about any school; but do we, the pupils of the High School, the individuals who compose it, realize what factor it is in school life that makes it possible for our school to have so high a standing? Evidently it must be the attitude of us pupils to school life; in other words, this all important factor is the Right Kind of School Spirit.

Now we would ask, what is the right kind of school spirit? The answer is—to pull together for the betterment and up-building of W. H. S. However, we can get a clearer understanding of this right kind of school spirit if we apply it directly to the different phases of school life.

Let us consider athletics. It is useless to say that foot-ball, basket-ball and base-ball mean nothing to our school, for we are positive that they do; however, we must convince outsiders of their importance. The only way to accomplish this is to back the team with all we've got. Don't you think that outsiders are likely to believe that our team must mean something very important to the High School if they see a big crowd of W. H. S. boys and girls out at that game bubbling with pep and enthusiasm? Yes, they surely will and moreover they will see the loyalty of the student body to its team and school and will realize that W. H. S. is a worthwhile place.

In class elections, let us be sure to have the right spirit. It's not our best Friend that we should vote for, but the person most capable of holding that particular office.

Organizations play an important part in school life, consequently we must certainly join these with the right kind of school

spirit. It is not compulsory that we join the Literary Societies, but surely with a hundred per cent membership our two societies could accomplish wonders. Nevertheless, we must not get the wrong idea. We should join the societies with the idea of not merely being a member, but of doing everything we can to help it grow.

At the same time there are some unpleasant things in school life that must be considered also. Perhaps we hate to admit it, but all of us know that cheating is prevalent among us. By all means let's show the right kind of spirit in this case. Don't let's smile and just say nothing when we know somebody is cheating. It may be hard at first, yet we must tell that person just what we think about him and let him understand that he has got to stop. You know it's the pupils who cheat and we are the pupils. Naturally we'll get the blame, but if all of us will let the cheaters know that we will not stand for such behavior, they'll soon stop. Then, hurrah! a nobler record for W. H. S.!

As stated before W. H. S. has an ideal reputation, one which fills our hearts with pride. Yet we know that on us, the student body, depends the upholding of that reputation, and of the name and honor of our High School. So, class mates, girls, boys of the High School, let's pull together with the right kind of spirit and back the things which are most worth while to W. H. S.

—E. H.

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## THE SCHOOL BOND ELECTION

Winston-Salem has finally awakened to the needs of a large and growing city. Within the last few months the million dollar Robert E. Lee Hotel has been completed, funds for a new Baptist Hospital have been oversubscribed, and, as a fitting climax to these achievements, the school bond election was crowned with success. Winston-Salem has long been in need of better school facilities and this bond issue will greatly benefit the school children of the city. The bonds not only provide for the building of one of the largest High Schools in the South but also assure many improvements over the present conditions of the grade schools. Every school in the city has been overcrowded for several years and when the city officials saw the last enrollment they knew that some definite step must be taken at once or many children would graduate from the high school without the necessary education.

Mr. Latham, superintendent of the public school, was greatly responsible for the success of the bond issue. He has made many speeches before the aldermen and the leading clubs of the city. For a time it seemed as though his task was hopeless, but as more



children entered the schools each year the people began to see that there was really cause for alarm. When once the people were awakened to the needs of better education, they were not slow to respond.

The new high school is certain to be one of the best in the South if the present plans are carried out successfully. The money for an immense auditorium has been donated by Mrs. Edward Johnston as a memorial to her late husband, Mr. R. J. Reynolds. There will also be recitation halls, laboratory, gymnasium, large playgrounds and several smaller additions. A place has already been graded out for the foundation of the building and work on the buildings themselves is expected to start at an early date.

The city is also planning to add more class rooms and playground apparatus to the grade schools. The playgrounds are much smaller than they should be and the classes are so large that it is impossible for the pupils to get the education that they would have under less crowded conditions.

It is the hope of every true citizen that the executives of Winston-Salem will successfully finish the work that the people have started by the School Bond Election.

—J. H.

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## School News

### MUSIC IN THE SCHOOL

If Longfellow were living he would say that the Winston-Salem High School has added another language to its present list of courses. To quote the well-known poet: "Music is the universal language of mankind."

Mr. Breech and Mrs. Erickson are developing both vocal and instrumental music in the schools, and are meeting with great success. It is very interesting to notice the improvement in the singing of this year's Freshman class (who have had a year of vocal training under Mr. Breech) compared with that of last year's Freshman; and these new High School students sing as well, if not better, than all of the upper classes.

Mrs. Erickson (who comes to us from Grand Forks, N. D.) has organized three girls' Glee Clubs in the High School. Approximately a hundred girls have joined these clubs, and all are enthusiastic supporters of them. It was my privilege to attend a meeting of one of the Glee Clubs, and I was amazed at the real beauty

with which the girls sang. During December these singers will give the cantata "Bethlehem," by Bliss, assisted antiphonally by a chorus of several hundred voices (chosen from the fourth grade), who will sing carols. The dates on which this concert is to be given will be announced later.

After Thanksgiving Mr. Breech is planning to organize a boys' Glee Club.

The grade school pupils are also being trained in singing, and by the time they reach the High School will be real singers.

Our High School has never had any school songs, so Mr. Breech is conducting a contest for original songs. He has received many good attempts.

The only instrumental music at present is the High School Orchestra, directed by Mr. Breech, which consists of sixteen players representing all the essential instruments. The orchestra plays for chapel and all school gatherings where music is desired, and on October 26 played for the United Daughters of the Confederacy at their luncheon in one of the city's hotels.

Plans are under way that will enable any school student to take instrumental instruction. It is hoped that these plans will become a reality by Thanksgiving. Along with the instrumental instruction will come the formation of a "Junior Orchestra," which will be a close competitor to the "Senior Orchestra." This plan has been tried out in several cities and proved successful in every case.

Both Mr. Breech and Mrs. Erickson are very much pleased with the prospects of the coming year, and with a little co-operation from each student they will be able to make music a great joy to all of us.

—*Edward Rondthaler*, '23.

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## SENIOR CLASS MEETING

On Thursday, October 13, the Seniors met in the chapel to nominate the president. At this meeting Mr. Moore talked to us about the Black and Gold. A campaign was to start on Monday to get advertisements for the magazine.

It was voted that we wait a week before electing the president and have a "campaign." The seniors entered into the plan of a campaign with enthusiasm. Several posters were made and "soap box" speeches were given.

The voting was close in the election of all of the officers, especially so in the election of the president and secretary. The officers are: President, Louise Hastings; Vice-President, Floyd Fogleman;

Secretary, Evelyn Thompson; Treasurer, Miles Davis. We are sure that these officers will prove efficient and that this year will be a better one in every respect than any year that has gone before.

—*Eleanor Tesh, '22.*

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## JUNIOR CLASS ELECTION

On Thursday afternoon, October 9, the Junior Class of the School met in the auditorium and elected the class officials for the ensuing school year.

The popular choice for president was Henry B. McCorkle, a member of the foot-ball squad. Emily Harper won the vote for the position of vice-president; while Henry Sapp came through with flying colors as secretary and treasurer.

A great deal of enthusiasm was manifested not only by the Juniors but by members of the Senior Class as well as to the out-come of the election.

This year, contrary to the custom of a regular campaign, a nominating committee was appointed by members of the class. This committee posted the names of the nominees before the class assembled for the election.

The class as a whole is very well pleased by the results and hopes to make the record of this Junior Class better than any preceding one.

—*John Nichols, '23.*

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Much has been said about loyalty to The Black and Gold, but whether we are really loyal or not is never known until we come to a showdown. We have appealed to the different classes of The High School to give to our paper their hearty support by a 100 per cent subscription. Those whom the Black and Gold staff wishes especially to thank are listed in:

Miss Mayme Colvin's room 8L2  
Miss Lucy Duvals' room 8C3.  
Mr. James M. Shields' room 9L2.  
Miss Anna Lula Dobson's room 11C.  
Miss Mary Wiley's room 11L1.  
Mr. E. K. McNew's room 11L2.  
Miss Mebane's room 10L1.  
Mr. Mann's room 10L2.  
Miss Lelia Hampton's room 10C1.  
Mr. Joyner's room 10C2  
Miss Belle Hampton's room 8L1.

## Chapel Talks

### "SUNSHINE" HAWKS

"Young ladies, young gentlemen, fellow teachers, and teachers without fellows!" Yes, that is a queer way to start an address to the High School, but what else might one expect from "Sunshine" Hawks? He was greeted with hearty applause by the whole student body, with whom he has been a favorite since the first time he spoke here. After a few opening words, Mr. Hawks gave a very striking monologue from "Rip Van Winkle." Then he turned as if to take his seat, followed by a rain of applause. With a smile, he again came to the front and explained that he had only wanted to take a walk.

Seriously, then, he gave the students his motto, which he has every appearance of living up to: "After all, there are only three things in the world worth while, to do good, to be good, and always to smile."

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### MR. MOORE

Our principal, Mr. Moore, has made several interesting and beneficial talks to the High School, but the one on Friday, Oct. 21, was especially inspiring. He pointed out to the students the value of making life worth while. Mr. Moore said that the acquirement of wealth or fame is not the only thing to be termed success; but that to lead an unselfish life in the service of others is equally successful. Further, he added that a person need not enter the ministry or any other religious work in order to help his fellow man, but he may do this in whatever vocation he chooses.

—*Dorothy Mae Reid.* '23.

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### MR. LAMBRETH

The High School was very fortunate to have Mr. Lambreth speak on one chapel morning. Mr. Lambreth is the champion long-distance walker of the world and has several thousand dollars worth of medals which have been presented to him. His talk to the school was indeed very unique and interesting. First he astounded his listeners by saying that he was fifty-two years old, while to any casual observer he would appear hardly more than thirty. Then he explained the way in which he has preserved his youth so remarkably, and gave many interesting facts about his life. Every day, rain or shine, Mr. Lambreth walks thirty-four miles and eats only one meal.



For this one meal he eats vegetables and fruits but no meat. He has been a great traveler, and has visited every civilized country in the world except Lapland.

"That country," declared Mr. Lambreth, "I'm saving for my honeymoon."

At the close of his address he read a beautiful poem about a mother, and paid a very touching tribute to all mothers, especially his own.

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## Social

### THE JUNIOR-SENIOR RECEPTION

"Oh! You had better wish you were Seniors, so you could have been at the Reception. We had a wonderful time," said a Senior to a group of Freshmen the Monday following the Junior-Senior Reception.

"Tell us all about it. We've heard so much and yet so little that we are dying with curiosity," answered a member of the group.

"Well, we arrived about a quarter of eight and, of course, had to walk around and look at everybody and everything. The downstairs hall was decorated in autumn leaves and a mass of Black and Gold; blue and white paper, cut in strips, hung overhead.

"After all had arrived we played progressive conversation for three dates and then went up to the chapel, which was decorated in autumn leaves. Here the Juniors entertained us by a mock chapel exercise. "Rusty" Brandon was Master of Ceremonies and called on several seniors to do stunts and entertain the crowd. Very amusing performances were rendered by the *very* much surprised Seniors.

"Following this prizes were given to the following: Emma Huntley, "Class Runt"; Katherine Burchette, "Class Giant"; Joseph Pfohl, "Bad Boy"; Lehman Kapp, "Best Behaved"; "Snake" Connelly, "Most Studious;" Hazel Norfleet, "Non-Peppiest". Each award brought forth a great deal of mirth.

"The teachers then tried to carry out the instructions of a sign on the blackboard:

Teachers, teachers, use your eyes;

Write a poem and win a prize.

"Several Senior girls formed competent judges and the prize was awarded to Miss Mary Grogan.

"After voting for the Best-looking and Best-costumed girl and boy we paired off and went down to the lunch room, where a de-

lightful salad course was served. Here an announcement was made that a "Kiss Hunt" would follow upstairs. At the end of this amusing part of the program some more prizes were awarded: Hazel Norfleet, Balloon-girl,—Best looking Girl; "Count" Davis, City Dude,—Best-looking Boy; Elizabeth Rountree, Ballet Dancer,—Best-Costumed Girl; "Bob" Hatcher, Negro,—Best-Costumed Boy; and Mr. Joyner, winner of the "Kiss Hunt".

"Games were started again but the time was nearly up and we soon left, declaring that it was the most unique and delightful Junior-Senior Reception ever given."

—Elizabeth Rountree, '22.

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### THE SOPHOMORES ENTERTAIN AT A "RAT FEAST"

The freshmen girls were surprised Friday night on opening their doors to find their school-mates of the morning transformed into "darling boys".

They were escorted to the Y. W. C. A. and there entertained at a "Rat Feast." Many interesting games were played such as, "steal partner," "crossing the brook" and "progressive conversation." Dancing was also enjoyed.

During the evening the "rats" were served cheese and titbits. Later every one was delighted to know that this was not all and soon an ice course was served.

All the girls considered themselves exceedingly popular and the "boys" were better than the "real thing," though some of the girls were as bashful as ever.

—Eleanor Franklin, '24.



## Our Faculty "Young and Old"

Both teachers and pupils of our school extend a cordial welcome to the following new teachers: Misses Josephine E. Wilson, Oliver Smith, Lucy Duval, Mayme Colvin, Isabelle McDowell, Ruth Creighton, Marie Kinard, and Messrs. B. W. Romefelt and J. M. Shields.

Miss Wilson, a graduate of the class of '21, is a member of the commercial department. Miss Smith, a new mathematics teacher taught in Raleigh, and is keenly interested in our girls' athletics. Miss Duval comes to us from Richmond, Va., where she taught last year, and is a member of our mathematics department. Miss Colvin, of the Latin department, was formerly the principal of the High School in McCall, S. C. Miss McDowell is teaching Spanish and French in our school. She is a graduate of N. C. College for Women, of the class of '21. Miss Creighton, of Orangeburg, S. C., is connected with the English department. Miss Kinard, a graduate of N. C. College for Women, is teaching History and mathematics in our school. We also have a new foot-ball coach in the person of Mr. Romefelt. He is a graduate of Davidson College of the class of '21, and is also our Citizenship teacher. Mr. Shields of Bethlehem, Penn., is a new member of our English department and is the supervisor of the "Black and Gold" and the "Winston-Salem News."

Several of our teachers who have not returned should know that we miss them and that we greatly appreciate their work for us. May they be assured that we wish them all success and happiness.

Miss Doub, who was connected with our English department last year and a great help in girls' athletics, is teaching English in Tarboro this year. Miss Meinung is staying at home this year. She taught Science and mathematics in the High School last year. Miss Hilda Loftin, who was connected with the Domestic Science department last year, is now Mrs. Richard Hudson.

This year we are very fortunate to have with us Mrs. Erickson, who has charge of our Glee Clubs. Mrs. Erickson is a graduate of the Northwestern Conservatory of Music, and comes here from Lakefield, Minn. Mrs. Erickson is especially interested in Glee Club work and her Glee Clubs in Grand Forks, North Dakota, presented, "The Mikado". We are expecting great development of local musical talent under Mrs. Erickson.

—*Eloise Willis*, '21.

## Where Are the Seniors of '21

Another school year had rolled around and as I sat in pensive mood, thinking of our class of 1921, I wondered what had become of my school-mates; if any of the golden dreams of High School days had come true. I determined to know how fortune had dealt with the eighty dignified Seniors of '21, so I started for the dear old High School.

On the front steps as usual sat a group of girls, eating, chatting and studying. I paused and asked, "Do any of you know where last year's Seniors are, and what they are doing?"

My inquiry was greeted with a great deal of laughter and noise, but out of the clamor I managed to hear.

"Why, Josephine Wilson's teaching bookkeeping here and Mary Roan's studying at Miss Crim's — and Nancy Crowthers moved to Washington, so she can help the President or vamp a Congressman — and Nancy Tyree and Doris Chipman are putting gray hairs in the New Haven College faculty's heads, while Mabel Long and Rebecca Sosnik are shining lights at Queens College; "Lib" Greene is dying of homesickness at Eastman College; Lillian Bennett, Willie Hampton and Margaret Boger are loafing at home and—"

"But where are the boys? Is Salem entirely forsaken?"

"Oh! Chapel Hill is full of 'Rats' such as Claude Ashburn, Ed Scheidt, Ernest Dalton, Arline Messick, Ben Sheppard and even Shober Ellis—oh, yes, he put on long trousers as soon as he graduated."

I glanced in the hall and saw Mr. Moore hurrying down. Away I went after him and caught him just as he reached the stairway.

"Why, hello, Frances, glad to see you. What are you doing this year? Sure do miss all you last year's Seniors. I heard Inez Lancaster, Elma Parrish, Alice Dunklee and Daisy Lee Glassgow were at Salem and Gordon Spaugh and Rex Sink are at Chapel Hill. Here's Mr. Joyner; I must see him a minute. He wants permission to go to High Point again."

And he was gone. Just then the bell rang and soon I espied Miss Mary.

"Frances Young! What are you doing here? And they say Esther Efird and Kate Sheets and lots of the girls are at Salem and George Poe's at N. Y.! Lenoir McKinney is nursing at City Hospital, Ralph Lancaster is studying at Davidson; some are at school and some are working. Here's Miss Dobson. Probably she can tell you where some of her pupils are."

"Why, yes. Hannah Dinnin's working at Bailey Brothers; Pauline Conrad is stenographer at Booe & Ogburn; Mabel



Gunter is teaching school; Raymond Peace is at Stewart & Brent's printing shop; Charles Holleman's at Blue Ridge School near Hendersonville; Allie Bennett is at Washington-Lee, at Lexington, Va.; John Daye is at Georgetown. I have an engagement this period but come around some other time and I will be glad to tell you where the others are."

I had scarcely regained my senses when who should I see but Miss Mebane!

"How goes History and are the '22 Seniors as industrious as the '21's were?" I asked.

"I should say so, Frances. Come to see me some time and talk over old times. I have a class now, so goodbye."

After much pushing and scrambling I managed to reach the dear old front door and make my escape. My ears were roaring and my head was swimming with all I had heard, so I crept meekly home to think it all over and build castles-in-the-air for college days.

—*Ida Mae Kiger, '22.*



## Organizations

### THE CALVIN H. WILEY LITERARY SOCIETY

A few weeks ago, the first meeting of the Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society was held in the New Parish House of the Episcopal Church, which is being used as a society hall. At this meeting the following officers were elected: Clarence Conelly, president; Miles Davis, vice-president; Henry Pfohl, secretary; Henry Sapp, treasurer; Ralph McMillan, sergeant-at-arms and J. B. Dyer, press reporter. A program committee was also appointed.

Mr. Mann and Mr. Shields, two members of the faculty, are critics for the Society.

At the second meeting of the Society the following program was rendered: Bible reading, Miles Stryker; Lord's Prayer, Society; humorous speech, Sam Elleison—Paul Kirkman; Reading, Wray Nettles; Jokes, Kapp Ogburn; The Life of Calvin H. Wiley, Ben Eaton. At the conclusion of this program the constitution of the Society, as adopted by the officers and faculty last year, was read by Mr. Mann.

This year, more than ever before, the Society is expecting to do great things. It has a large membership, capable officers, good leaders, an appropriate hall and every member is enthusiastic over their work. The Society as a whole, is especially interested in the inter-state debate and it is looking forward with pleasant anticipation toward this event. Much interest is also being manifested in the different declamation contests that will soon begin.

—John C. Masten, '22.

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### THE CHARLES D. McIVER LITERARY SOCIETY

Just as the Charles D. McIver Literary Society is crossing the threshold of another year's work there comes this thought, that more and better work can be accomplished this year than ever before. With this aim in view the society has set to work.

Before the first meeting two committees for getting new members were appointed by Miss Mary. The campaign lasted about a week at the end of which time it was learned that over a hundred new members had been enrolled.

Different circles for social activities have been selected. At the last meeting of the society, the chairmen of these circles gave splendid reports of the work they are doing. The society was very much pleased and it is hoped that much can be done this year through the circles.

So far two very interesting and thoroughly enjoyable programs have been submitted by members of the society. The first was a series of clever "stunts" given by different grades. These "stunts" included, "The Circus," "The Silent Orchestra," "Brer Rabbit and the Tar Baby," "A Visit From Mother Goose" and "The Doll Shop." As the last meeting of the society was held during The Daughters of the Confederacy Convention a program on our southern writers and poets had been arranged. The first half of the program consisted of southern songs, recitations and poems. The last half was devoted to a dramatization from the well known southern book, "Billy and The Major."

—Emma Huntley, '22.

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### LITERARY DIGEST CLUB

As Miss Mebane expresses it, "The Seniors this year are studying History, and not the text-book." With this end in view, the three divisions of the Eleventh Grade have each organized a Literary Digest Club, the Commercials naming theirs "The Alerts" and the Latin divisions, "The Up-to-Dates" and "Societas Intellegentiae."

The object of the Club is to keep up with the affairs of the Day, to connect up past and present History and to be well informed on the subjects people are discussing. To this end an interesting program is prepared each week, important topics being assigned to several pupils, while the members of the Club join in the general discussions

In addition to these programs, Miss Mebane has said that there will be some interesting debates later on. All the Seniors are very much interested in the work, and are trying to make this year's Club one of the best ever known in the High School.

—Evelyn Thompson, '22.

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### THE GIRL RESERVES

"Mary, come here a minute, please," said Evelyn. "I want you to join our Girl Reserves."

"Well, what does the Girl Reserves stand for and what does your name mean?" Asked Evelyn.

"Oh, we have lots of fun and we try to do all the good we can at home, at school and in our community. Our object is to develop ourselves mentally, spiritually and physically. It started about five years ago when a group of girls went to the Y. W. C. A. in Indiana and asked what they could do to help, as it was war time

and every one was doing his bit to win. The leader organized the group into what is now the Girl Reserves. This group grew to have about one hundred thousand members in the United States and there are some in Japan, China, and India.

"We have Bible classes, swimming-parties, hikes, conferences, parties, and 'most everything a girl enjoys. Last fall we gave a play and sent the money to Mrs. Harriet Smith, who is in China. Thanksgiving we are going to send baskets of food to the poor children, and Christmas we are going to give a community Christmas tree. Last month the sophomore Girl Reserves entertained the freshmen Girl Reserves at a "Rat Feast," and we are going to give a Hallowe'en party and a George Washington party later on. We had a rummage sale and in that way increased the money in our treasury. The Girl Reserves of to-day are the women of to-morrow, and they stand for the highest ideals."

"Goodness! Have I missed all that? Well, I certainly will join at your very next meeting," said Evelyn as she turned into her house.

—*Mozelle Stephenson, '24.*

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## THE ROOTERS' CLUB

The prospects for a successful and peppy Rooters' Club seem very bright. As an advantage over last year's organization, the Rooters' Club is this year operating on a systematic scale. The different committees are cooperating splendidly and the treasurer is keeping an itemized account of all expenditures. Although two visiting teams have been entertained the treasurer reports that the club is not in debt but has a nice little sum to the good. As already stated two receptions have been given, one for Greensboro, the other for Martinsville. Certainly both of these can be pronounced successful. But the most important factor of the Rooters' Club work has not been mentioned. That is; have we been backing the team? Yes, we surely have, but there is still room for improvement along this line. As for the yelling, let the team decide on that, or perhaps Coach Romefelt will venture an opinion.

—*Emma Huntley, '22.*

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## Exchanges

We have arranged to exchange with several school papers in the state and one or two early publications are already coming in. By next month we hope to be able to comment favorably upon them and others.



## Athletics

### FOOT-BALL

With the season half over we boast a record of five games won out of six played. Not so bad that, when the list of victories can show such teams as Guilford Scrubs, Oak Ridge Institute, Martinsville, and Lexington on the small side of the score card, even though Greensboro, our rival of old, was the one team that topped our score on the field. We can feel justly proud of the victories, while the memory of the one defeat will, we hope, rankle less before the season is over.

Our team has been outweighed in nearly every game, sometimes by as much as twenty pounds to the man; but the drive, the teamwork and "ye old fightin' spirit" is there in chunks. To say that the school is proud of her representatives on the gridiron is to put it too mildly. We almost worship them when they win and clap them on the back when they lose, for we know they're "all man". Sufficient credit for the splendid showing to date can hardly be given verbally to our able coaches, Messrs. Romefelt, Joyner and Hathaway, who, with Mr. Moore, have given much of their time and service to the boys. W. H. S. owes them much. The least we can do is say a hearty "Thank You".

It is fitting that, as space will not permit a separate account of all the games, at least a record be here given of our one defeat and our greatest victory.

Though we lost the Greensboro game by the score of 7—0, it is only fair to state that the breaks seemed to be against us. It was a hard-fought contest from start to finish, in which our boys outplayed their ancient rivals in the first three quarters, only to have them break through in the last quarter by a series of forward passes and score that fatal touchdown. It was a game featured by "teeth-shaking" line-attacks and sweeping end runs.

The first three quarters were pretty much punting duels, with Caldwell getting a little the better of it. The whole Winston backfield was a moving force which the heavy Greensboro defense could only halt on their twenty-five yard line on one occasion where we lost the ball on downs. The work of our line men was particularly good, as the visitors clearly outweighed but not outplayed them.

Greensboro did not get within striking distance of the Black and Gold until the final period when several forward passes placed the ball on our three-yard line. Winston held like a stone wall for the first down but on the second the ball was carried over, only to be called back to the eight-yard line for a penalty. Whereupon, in two

smashing drives the ball was again placed beyond the goal by Daniels, the visiting fullback, who also kicked the goal.

Following the touchdown the locals started off like a whirlwind and had the game been a little younger the score might have been another way.

Greensboro regards the games with Winston as the most important on her schedule and has named her team "The Purple Whirlwind".

#### LINE-UP OF GAME:

<i>Greensboro</i>		<i>Winston</i>
Hinkle	L. E.	Veatch
J. Transou	L. T.	Joyce
Green	L. G.	McMichal
Taylor	C.	J. Davis
Forsythe	R. G.	Burns
Barker	R. T.	Roberts
Henderson	R. E.	Brandon
P. Transou	Q. B.	Wilson
Bell	R. H. B.	Sapp
Jones	L. H. B.	Caldwell
Daniels	F. B.	McCorkle

Substitutions: (Winston) Watkins for J. Davis, F. Davis for Burns; (Greensboro) Sanders for J. Transou, Fordham for Jones, Swift for Hinkle.

Touchdown: Daniels.

Referee, Noble; umpire, Hancock; head linesman, Fulton.

By piling up the largest score in its history the W. H. S. team handed the light but plucky eleven from Martinsville a 61-0 defeat.

Winston easily showed her superiority in the first quarter by crossing and recrossing the line by "straight football" drives and, when the whistle sounded, had succeeded in piling up 34 points. Many people began to leave the field. But in the second quarter only 20 points were scored and in the third the visitors showed their first offense of the game. Not only did they make several first downs, but held Winston scoreless. But the strain was too much and in the fourth and final quarter our boys scored one more touchdown, making the final score 61-0.

The game was really more interesting than the score would indicate. Many good exhibits of broken-field running, line bucking and forward-passing were shown.

—J. Alexander, '23.

## THE GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Great interest is being shown in the Girls' Athletic Association this year. There was a large number of girls present at the first meeting which was held September the twenty-seventh. The Freshmen came too and everybody wanted to know what the girls were going to do in athletics this year.

The meeting was called to order by Miss Mebane, who took charge of the election of officers. Elizabeth Rountree was elected President. Then there was a vice-president elected from each class. Their duty is to find out the girls who are going out for basket-ball and report this to Miss Mebane. Of course we must have a secretary and treasurer, so Margaret McCreary was elected for this office. Hazel Norfleet was elected Business Manager and Louise Hastings, Publicity Agent. With these officers in charge and the support of the girls we hope to have a very successful year.

After the election of officers we had a short talk from each of our coaches, Miss Mebane, Miss Carroll and Miss Smith. They told us what we were expected to accomplish this year; and girls, we will certainly have to go to work. —*Rowena Cromer, '22.*

---

## BASKET-BALL

Come on, Girls! Let's show 'em what we can do in Basket-Ball. This is going to be the biggest year that the girls have had yet. Even though we have lost most of our varsity players, there are some girls left who played as substitutes last year and they will be just as good this year. There is also some good material coming from the eighth grades and this will help to make up for some of the good players that we have lost. The girls have been showing a great deal of interest in going out to practice, and Miss Mebane is pleased with the prospects for this year. She says that we are going to have a good team and she knows. Each class has a certain day to practice. And we are working now to form class teams. The class games will be played off before Christmas. The Juniors will play the Seniors; and the Freshmen, the Sophomores; then the two winning teams will play. After these games, the coach will pick the varsity team. Miss Smith has written to several towns to arrange for games and after Christmas we will have "sure enough" games with Greensboro, Martinsville, and other places. Then—"Who's going to win, win—Wow! We're going to win, win—How Easy!!!"

But girls we've got to have the "pep." So everybody go to work and live up to what is expected of us.

—*Rowena Cromer, '22.*

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## Chips from the Chatter-Block

In Biology class Mr. Haltiwanger questioned, "Why has a tree educational qualities?"

'Gene Holton: "Because you can sit in the shade and read and study." Then thinking this somewhat incomplete he added, "And the limbs are used to assist in the education of bad children."

Mr. Shields to Bill Frazier, as he handed in his paper: You didn't spend much time on that paper. You'd better take it back and look it over to see if it is punctuated correctly.

Bill: Oh, I put a few lines of punctuation marks at the end for you to scatter in wherever you think they are needed.

Joe Alexander has been absent from school for a few days. The reason is that he sneezed and broke his nose over the desk.

The earth trembled, the house shook and everyone thought that there was an earthquake until they found out that it was only Robert Cook shaving and his beard falling on the floor.

Local weather prophets say that something unusual is about to happen for Sam Adams read his Caesar the other morning.

### A DREAM

I stood on a cliff at midnight,  
Yet the sun was shining red.  
I gave a leap off into space  
And landed on my head;  
But not at the foot of the big, high cliff,  
But under my own little bed.

Kathleen Parrish paused, pen in hand. Then hurriedly: Miss Hampton, how do you spell Esophagus?

Miss H.: Why, are you going to write a paper on physiology?

Kathleen: No. I am writing a story on "Esophagus' Fables."

There is no modern tannery that can tan hides like Dad used to.

Mr. Haltiwanger in Biology class: Lillian, what is a parasite?

Lillian Cromer, with hesitation: It's a kind of an umbrella that you get down out of a balloon in, isn't it?

Miss Mary, addressing new members of the Literary Society: Always bring your "Golden Treasury." There's a poem in there, No. 75, that we just love.

Whisper in the rear: Editorial "we".

# A Home Product



It pays School taxes and helps build a greater Winston-Salem.

A special blend, rich and mellow, for discriminating people.

Your grocer can supply you. Ask for it.

"Snake" and "Peanut" were arguing the other day whether to go to the game or study.

"Snake" finally suggested, "Let's throw up a nickel and if it comes down we'll go to the game; if it sticks on the ceiling we'll study."

---

"Lib" R.: My lips are chapped. I've got the tenderest lips.  
(What did she mean?)

---

Otis Fulton telling all his troubles and hard luck: There used to be so many kids in our family that at meal-time there were three tables of us and I always had the luck to be at the last table.

Count: Shucks, I don't see anything hard about that.

Otis: Why, it was fifteen years before I knew a chicken had anything but a neck.

---

Miss Mary in Senior English: Now, when you are asked to have a second piece of pie, say "No, I thank you".

Emma H.: Why, Miss Mary, I thought you didn't want us to tell stories.

---

Some good advice from Miss Bynum at the library: If the library is too strict for your social purposes, use the sidewalk.

---

It has been rumored among gossip circles that Bessie Petree got herself in "Dutch" at home the other day. She had been going about the house saying things in Spanish until her little brother, who fortunately did not understand, said that he was going to tell her father on her.

---

Mr. McNew says that to pulverize means to powder. Wanted—to know—Do girls pulverize their faces?

---

The boy and girl sat on the sofa,  
The cat sat on the chair.  
The name of the girl was Alice,  
The boy was called St. Claire.  
His arms moved slowly round her,  
And the cat fell off the chair.  
But just what happened after that  
Is no one else's darn affair.

---

Mr. Romefelt on the football field asked if any of the boys in uniform had a pin. Ha, ha! Oh, har, har!

(Stop that laughing, you poor crumb. Can't you see that there was no point there?)

How many people can you  
think of right now who  
would like to have your  
photograph for Christmas?



Make an appointment today

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Mr. Mann explaining blank form to class: Where it reads "Parent or Guardian" write the name of your father or mother and in case both are dead, write the name of your guardian.

Cecil Fearington: Suppose your guardian is inactive?

Mr. Mann: What do you mean by inactive?

Cecil: Well, he gave it up.

C. S.: Did Kitty ever live in California?

Mae. B.: Sure! She spent the winter there last summer.

#### A NEW WAY TO GET TO HEAVEN

At the first of the month Miss Smith was trying to tell us the beauty of geometry. She told of a lecture she had heard a famous mathematician give. The Professor told his class that there is a touch of geometry everywhere; there is beauty in geometry because there is music and rhythm in it. He ended his lecture by saying, "Why, you can't even get to Heaven without some geometry."

(Look's like we'll all see our friends.)

*If you can imagine—*

Mr. Joyner with a silk beaver hat;

Pifer Weathersbee knowing his chemistry;

Dug. Roberts talking to any other girl than One;

Mr. McNew not knowing the meaning of a word;

Alfred Chamberlain without a "Jack";

Joe Pfohl in an argument with Mr. Moore;

Lehman Kapp behaving in Literary Society;

Joe Alexander in a hurry;

Mr. Shields standing still in a class room;

The Freshies being asked in the front door—

YOU HAVE SOME IMAGINATION!!!

Winston-Salem is certainly the place for lovers—of athletics, of course, such as Mr. Romefelt!!!!

Tom Douglas in History class: England just passed an act that the colonies could make ships with arms on them.

(Sounds astounding!)

Mr. Breech: Let us sing "Till We Meet Again".

Mr. Shields in English class: Now, let's see; where am I AT?

Mr. Joyner: Shorty, how do I make my meaning clear in this problem with a single point?

Shorty: With the chalk.



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- 3 Hanes Elastic Cuffs are made far stronger and better than the usual cuff. They fit the wrist firmly, they won't flare or rip from the sleeve.
- 4 Hanes Closed Crotch is cut and stitched a special way that really keeps it closed.
- 5 Hanes Elastic Ankles hold their shape through repeated washing. They don't bunch over the tops of your shoes. They fit always.

Yes, we "hit 'em hard" when it comes to underwear comfort. You're pulling a "forward pass" to lots of pep when you join up with the Hanes comfort "squad."

And boys, "root" for Hanes every time; you're protected in every way by our ironclad guarantee—read it and never let anybody offer a "substitute."

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Just after "Little Sapp" had finished answering a question Mr. Haltewanger addressed the class: Who can tell me what makes "sap" run downwards?

---

TROUBLE

Way out on a country road  
Away from any town  
Could be seen a very dejected man,  
A-sittin' on the ground.  
And the cause of all his sorrow,  
The cause of all his woe  
Was an innocent looking auto  
That simply refused to go.  
Nuts and bolts he'd tightened  
And spark plugs had been tested,  
But still the thing refused to go;  
It simply had him bested.  
And here he sat upon the ground  
His worried brain to rest.  
He hated to leave the blamed thing stalled  
But—he had done his best.  
At length he rose and stretched himself,  
Then said with loud acclaim,  
"If the darn thing don't start this time  
I'll never run it again."  
He started to tighten a final screw  
When suddenly it was seen  
That the cause of all his trouble was  
He was out of gasoline! —*R. Alton Jackson.*

---

"Liz" Wilson: Come on, everybody, let's do a "Snake" Dance!

---

Miss Mebane: What king reigned during that period?

J. L. Kapp: Queen Anne.

---

Miss Mebane in History class pointed to the map and said,  
"This section is hungry."

---

Elizabeth Meining: Art thou poor, yet is thy mind perplexed!

Miss Hampton: Too true to life.

---

Veach, trying to get a forward pass, misjudged it and the ball hit him on the head. He made a flying stab and grabbed it.

Mr. Joyner, from the side-line: That's using your head, Veach.

---

Miss Hampton in English class: Evelyn, where is Ireland?

Evelyn promptly: On page eighty.

# ATTENTION

DO YOU KNOW—your geography?

DO YOU KNOW—the great rivers of the world?

DO YOU KNOW—that **Green River** is the greatest of all rivers?

DO YOU KNOW—that **Green River** is on the map to stay?

DO YOU KNOW—that **Green River** rises in the minds of all who are thirsty?

DO YOU KNOW—that **Green River** flows down the throats and tickles the palates of all who want the most satisfying of drinks?

DO YOU KNOW—that **Green River's** tributaries are lime juice, pure cane sugar and distilled carbonated water?

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Mr. Shields: Are there any questions about the lesson before we start the recitation?

Richard Brown: Yes, what is it?

At the Greensboro Reception Margaret Brooks and Josephine seemed to be in earnest conversation when this was overheard.

M. B.: I believe I'm going to have a dreadful fever blister on my lip.

J. H., who had arrived late: Oh, have you? I do wish I had come earlier.

Wanted—to know how much money “Rusty” B. will make for the Boston Fruit Stand if he gives each girl a free “all-day sucker” for every three sucker sticks she brings back.

Elizabeth Wilson stopped in front of Efrid's Department Store to weigh herself. She had a dime and a penny. By mistake she dropped the dime in the slot instead of the penny.

“Oh, pshaw!” exclaimed Elizabeth. “I don't weigh a bit more for a dime than I do for a penny.”

Mr. Joyner in Geometry class: Holt Moffit, put the next proposition on the board.

Moffit: Call my name again, Mr. Joyner. I didn't hear you.

Thomas D. in History: If England's men didn't have any spirit, England could put it into them.

(Kentucky Corn or Johnson Dry Gin, Tommy?)

Miss Miller in Algebra class: Boys and girls, I am going to stop the lesson just a second before the bell rings so you may have two or three minutes to get your books up.

In English class I am the goat,  
Miss Hampton thinks I am a pote.  
She said, “Tonight when you go home,  
Hustle round and write a pome.”  
I tried and tried, but here I am  
As usual, the under-man.

Mr. Romefelt in history class: Who was the Greek god of love? Wilson, you ought to know something about that.

Mr. Joyner: I gave this example to the class and about two-thirds of them worked it and about two-thirds didn't.

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# ROSENBACHER'S

(Dug from Ruins of Last Year's Biology Wreck)

Mr. Haltewanger had just finished talking about the Law of Gravitation when Joe Alexander piped up: What did you say kept us from falling off the earth when we're upside down?

Mr. Haltewanger: The law of gravity, Joe.

Joe: Well, how did the people stay on the earth before the law was passed?

Mr. McNew in Latin: All right, Sadie, run that possum down for us.

Miss Mary discussing "The Last Days of Pompeii": Suppose, now, that Pilot Mountain would suddenly erupt and we should be dug up a thousand years from now. We'd all be turned to stone in the exact postures, in which we are sitting.

Otis: When they found me I wouldn't be sitting. I'd be found about Waughtown putting one leg before the other.

Mr. Haltiwanger in Biology, assigning lesson: I want all students whose names begin with B and end with H to take the first topic; those whose names begin with Wilma Pullman and end with Miles Stryker, take the second.

Miss Poindexter: Will some one please give me an example of a noun which is plural in meaning but singular in form?

Alex: Dozen.

Miss P.: Very good. Another one?

Jake: Half-a-dozen.

M. Dodson at music counter at Kress': Have you a copy of "My Man"?

Clerk: No, we've sold out; but we will have it in next week.

Marjie, the persistent, a week later to another clerk: Has "My Man" come yet?

Clerk, emphatically: I don't know your man.

#### MY DOG

I had a little curly dog.

He was not very bad.

And when he ran away from home,

It made me very sad.

We looked and looked, but could not find

That little dog of black.

You can imagine my surprise

When he came wagging back.

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**REAL ESTATE AND FIRE  
INSURANCE**

Personal attention given to all business entrusted to  
our office.

**Spaugh Realty & Ins. Co.**

**Phone 450**

**Gray Block**

## **Mock-Bagby-Stockton Co.**

**Clothiers and Furnishers for Men  
and Young Men.**

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### **DR. F. H. FISHER, OPTOMETRIST**

**Eyesight Specialist at**

**W. T. VOGLER & SONS**

**"See Fisher and you'll see"**

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### **— CANDIES —**

**Martha Washington ————— Norris**

**Delicious Ice Cream**

**Drugs and Toilet Goods**

**OWENS DRUG COMPANY**

**Phones 23 and 302**

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### **SALEM ACADEMY and COLLEGE FOR WOMEN**

**A century and a half of successful education of  
Women. Courses in Arts and Sciences.  
Vocational Training. Business Edu-  
cation and Teacher Training.**

**YES SIR-e - e !**

HERE'S where you get real service

and

GOOD TIRES

**Booe & Ogburn Service Station**

Phone 95



**YOUR BATTERY IS IN BAD SHAPE**

But I can fix it up for you. Then with good charging  
it will work like a charm.

**WILLARD SERVICE STATION**

Corner Elm and Third Streets



Phone 2273

158 Brookstown Ave.

# **S. B. KNIGHT**

## **CONTRACTING**

### **PAINTER AND DECORATOR**

All work guaranteed satisfactory. Estimates Cheerfully Furnished. Also Dealer in High Class Draperies and Upholstery. Fabrics, Paints, Varnishes, Lead, Oil, Colors, Etc. Also a stock of Imported and Domestic Wall Papers.

Show Room and Store, 158 Brookstown Ave.

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**Phone These Numbers**

**374 and 2064**

**And Order**

**BLACK EAGLE COAL**

**OUR LEADER. CLEAN and GLOSSY. NONE  
BETTER**

**We Handle Other Brands for Less Money**

**REMEMBER—You Get 2000 Pounds With Every Ton**

**Domestic Coal Co.**

**1710 East Excelsior Street**

**Winston-Salem, N. C.**

**J. R. VERNON, M. L. JOHNSON and S. B. WILSON, Owners.**

**TYPEWRITER SUPREME**  
New Improved Self-Starting Remington  
"Built For The Typist"

**Eleven New Fundamental Features**

New Portable—with Standard Keyboard  
The Machine you have been waiting for!

**Remington Typewriter Co.,**

Winston-Salem, N. C.

**Farmers Bank and Trust Co.**

Member Federal Reserve System

**Capital Stock-----\$250,000.00**

W. J. Byerly, Pres.

T. J. Byerly, Cashier

S. E. Hall, Vice-Pres. and Trust Officer

**We Solicit your Deposits, either subject to Check, Savings Department, or on Certificate of Deposit.**

**We pay Four per cent on Savings Deposits, and also on Certificates of Deposit**

For the very best to eat in Fancy Vegetables, Fruit  
and Groceries, Best of Fresh Meats, Oysters, Dressed  
Poultry

**E. J. ANGELO CO.**

Liberty St.

**Winston Shoe Store**

**Quality—Style—Price**

436 Trade St.

**R. H. Watkins**

**E. J. Dunning**

**All Kinds of Plumbing Work**  
**Our Service at Your Disposal**  
**Porter Plumbing Co.**

Phone 1420

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**POLITE'S CANDY KITCHEN**

**"QUALITY IS OUR MOTTO"**

**The Best Ice Cream in the City. Home-made Candies,  
Fruits, Drinks, and Confections of All Kinds.**

**EVERYTHING SWEET TO EAT**

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After you have accomplished your education,  
Strive with the same determination,  
To own your own home.  
It can be done by you alone,  
But it will pay to let us help you.  
Plan, finance, and build one brand new.

**HOME BUILDERS CO.**

**434 Wachovia Bank Bldg.**

-- **Phone 814**

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**Home Electric Co.**

**Contractors**

Everything Electrical. Consult us for Electric fixtures and appliances.

**238 S. Main St.**

**Phone 92**

# *Briggs-Shaffner Co.*

Founders & Machinists

Repair Work

Ring Gears for All Automobiles

MANTELS  
GRATES  
TILING  
SASH  
DOORS  
BLINDS  
LUMBER  
LIME  
CEMENT

## **Orinoco Supply Co.** **The Builders' Supply** **House**

**WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.**

PLASTER  
SAND  
FLOORING  
CEILING  
SIDING  
MOULDINGS  
SHINGLES  
LATHS

Phone 1279

## **WINDSOR'S MEAT MARKET**

**GLENN WINDSOR, Owner**

**204 Shallowford St.**

If You Want Real Service  
Stop "in the Forks"  
Salem Bridge  
Gas, Oil, Tires & Tubes.

## **American Service Co.**

Phone 120



## **ARDMORE**

When deciding on the location of your new home or when looking for an investment we invite you to consider

## **ARDMORE**

Our services are at your disposal.

## **THE BANNER INVESTMENT CO.**

Wachovia Bank Building—Realtors—Phone 262

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If it's anything in the Electrical line it's 'kin to the

## **Southern Public Utilities Co.**

Phone 1141

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When you want good and stylish shoes at the cheapest price come to Wrights.

## **W. C. Wright & Co.**

Main at 4th St.

“Quality Shoes—Reasonable Prices”

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## **DALTON BROS.**

**Best Grades Hardware**

433 Trade St.

Phone 91

# **The Francis Bacon Piano**

One of the old makes

**Jesse G. Bowen & Co.**

604 N. Liberty St.

Phone 1882

Winston-Salem, N. C.

100% American

Open all day

## **The Win-Sal Cafe**

J. A. Adams, Manager

A good dinner for that High School appetite—50c

## **Automobile Equipment Co.**

Wilson-Sport Goods

Corner Fourth & Cherry Sts.

**HUTCHINS DRUG STORE**

**ON THE MINUTE SERVICE**

**OPEN DAY AND NIGHT    No. 406 N. Liberty St.**

# Morrisette Co.

Dry Goods, Millinery & Notions

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## DeLuxe Cafeteria

The Most Up-To-Date In The South  
The Home Of Quality Food  
and  
Reasonable Prices

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## HINE-MITCHELL CO.

"The Style Shop"

Fashion Park Clothes

Stetson Hats

Manhattan Shirts

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C. GILBERT HUMPHREYS

ARCHITECT

Registered Architect of North Carolina

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

Pilot Theatre Bldg .

Phone 178

Fountain Pens, Tablets

Pencils and Other School Supplies

*Hopkins-Landquist Co.*

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THE SMART LOOKING  
MATRONS AND MISSES SHOP

AT THE

*Quality Hat Shop*

221 West Fourth St.

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**Youth Is Supreme**

Youth is Supreme today.

Buy your clothes to reflect your youth.

**Stratford Clothes**

will make you look  
younger and feel younger.

Let us prove it.

**JOE JACOBS CLO. CO.**

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**"Get It At Watkins"**

Phone 119

Eversharp Pencils are A Part Of Every Good  
Student's Paraphernalia

**From \$1.00 Up**

You Can Get 'Em At

**WATKINS BOOK STORE**

416 N. Liberty St.



## Franklin Real Estate Co.

Masonic Temple

High Class Residence Lots.

Ready to go in Homes.

Any section of the City.

-- TERMS --

If Its To Wear  
You Will Find It For Daddy or  
The Boys At

**CROWELL'S**

We Do It Different

305 N. Main St.

Get your lunch at the  
**WEST 4th STREET LUNCH**  
Special Attention  
to the High School Students  
**WEST 4th STREET LUNCH**

BUILDING MATERIAL & HOMES

See us for either

**Fogle Bros. Co.**

Phone 85

# **SOSNIK & SOSNIK**

“The Best in Ready To Wear”

**FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN**

420 Liberty St.

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## **DR. F. N. TOMLINSON**

**“Dentist”**

222 Gilmer Bldg.

Winston-Salem, N. C.

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## **Belk-Stevens Co.**

Department Store

One of the 30 Belk Stores

Carolina's Largest Distributors of Merchandise

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For your Army and Navy Goods and General Merchandise see

**H. L. COHEN**

417 N. Main St.

We carry hob-nailed, officers' and trench shoes, riding breeches of all kinds, puttees of all kinds, leatherettes, leather coats of all kinds, slip over, sport sweaters of all kinds, blankets and campaign hats, all kinds of specials. We take orders for tents of all sizes. Mail orders attended promptly.

**Phone 2232**

**Day or Night**

We are always at home ready and willing to serve you with the best there is in Automobile and Truck Repairing.

We will do your work as cheaply as it can be done anywhere and done right.

**All Repair Work Positively Guaranteed**

**We Will Repair Your Truck at Night.**

**Stowes Garage & Filling Station**

**Liberty and Ogburn Sts.**

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Full Line of Army, Navy and Merchants Surplus Goods  
Shoes, Clothing, Blankets, Raincoats, Army Iron and  
Canvas Cots; Tents—all Sizes, Camping Goods, Sport-  
ing Goods.

If you want to Save Money Come in and See Us Before  
Buying.

**ARMY & NAVY SALES COMPANY**

**No. 420 N. Main St.**

**Winston-Salem, N. C.**

Mail Orders Promptly Filled. Goods sent anywhere.

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When your Clothes need Repairing, Cleaning, Pressing  
and Dyeing, Phone 1047 for

**Hick's Cleaning Works**

**333 S. Main Street**

Ladies' work a specialty. All work Guaranteed. All  
work called for and Delivered.

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**CHATHAM BLANKETS**

These famous Wool blankets have been the standard  
in American homes for over forty years.

**CHATHAM MANUFACTURING CO.**

**Elkin, N. C.**

**Winston-Salem, N. C.**

# HINE'S

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## LISTEN

We are Winchester Headquarters. This means that we have everything for the Boys and Girls in Sporting Goods. **WINCHESTER** means Quality Merchandise, and the very next time you want **anything** in Hardware come straight to

**TUCKER-WARD HARDWARE CO.**

The Winchester Store

434 Trade St.

Winston-Salem, N. C.

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Have you ever visited  
**The Little Art-Craft Shop**  
Over Hines  
A Very Complete and Attractive  
Assortment  
Novelties, Gifts and Favors  
Tally and Place Cards

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**DODGE BROTHERS**

Motor Vehicles

**SALES**

**SERVICE**

**NORFLEET-BAGGS, Inc.**

Cor. S. Main & Belews Sts.





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## WEST END SERVICE STATION

Gas, Oils and Tires

*All Kinds of Repair Work*



COR. BROOKSTOWN and BURKE ST.

# Ford

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

**F**ORD Service for owners of Ford cars, is one of the important elements of the great Ford organization. Ford owners can get real Ford service only by coming to the authorized Ford dealers, where there are at all times Ford workmen, genuine Ford materials and the standard low Ford prices.

## **Twin-City Motor Company**

Authorized Ford Sales and Service Dealers

221-3 S. Liberty Street

Phone 314

## **GETTING AHEAD IN THE WORLD**

is largely a proposition of getting started. The first few dollars saved are the important ones in success. Begin early in life to save your money for future success.

Wachovia welcomes your savings account.

## **Wachovia Bank and Trust Co.**

Capital and Surplus \$2,000,000

Member Federal Reserve System

**IF IT'S  
BATTERY SERVICE  
SEE  
DOUGLAS STORAGE  
BATTERY COMPANY**

Phone 1737

Next to New Brown's Warehouse—Trade Street

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**SHOES FOR EVERY MEMBER  
OF THE FAMILY**

Folks say, and you hear it everywhere  
when you want good shoes, "it's"

**Dobson-Shills**

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**SAVE NOW — WHILE IT IS EASY**

Then You Will Have It To Spend Later  
When You Need It

Weekly Savings 4 Per Cent.    Certificates 5 Per Cent

**The Winston-Salem Morris Plan Co.**

Masonic Temple—Winston-Salem, N. C.

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**HEADQUARTERS**

**For Boys' and Young Men's Clothing  
and Furnishings**

**Henry Rose Company**

Corner Trade and Fifth Streets

# **A. L. Kirby Grocery Company**

DEALERS IN HEAVY AND FANCY GROCERIES  
VEGETABLES AND COUNTRY PRODUCE  
506-508 Trade Street, Opposite Post Office

Phones: 1483 and 1837

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## **Mayhew & Wimbish**

Investment Securities

Gilmer Bldg.

LOUIS A. MAYHEW

JOHN G. WIMBISH

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The Home of good things to Eat

## **Geo. B. Peddycord**

Phone 688

I'll bring it quickly any where any time.

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## **LASHMIT'S**

SHOES THAT'S ALL

311 N. MAIN ST.



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"IT PAYS TO PAY CASH"

**BOYLES BROS. CO**

"SAVE THE DIFFERENCE"

CLOTHING AND HATS  
FOR MEN AND BOYS

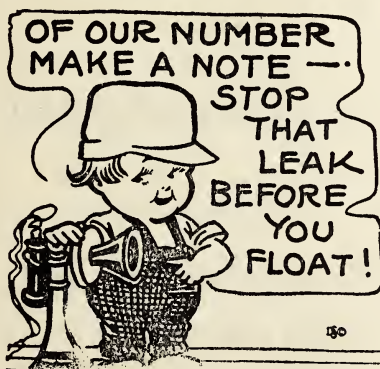
413 TRADE STREET

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## Fight For Sanitation



Everybody should fight for Sanitary Conditions. The same healthful surroundings that you demand be furnished in our public schools, libraries and churches should hold forth in your own home. Get acquainted with our telephone number.

Bolling's Little Plumber

Phone 1377-W

**W. W. BOLLING**

508 Woodland Ave.

Winston-Salem, N. C.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR

# **LIBERTY CAKES--PIES**

THE BEST MADE

**LIBERTY BAKING CO., INC.**

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## **Hawkins-Blanton Co., Inc.**

**MILLINERY A SPECIALTY**

We Please the Hard-to-Please  
**Ladies' and Gents' Furnishings**  
**Dry Goods and Notions**

434 Liberty Street

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**SAY IT WITH FLOWERS**

And get them from

**West Salem Greenhouse**

Phone 150

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## **Ideal Motor Co.**

**NIGHT AND DAY SERVICE**

**Complete Up-to-date Repair Shop**

**ALL WORK GUARANTEED**

Phone 103

1024 N. Liberty

# After all You Know that It Pays to Dress Well

The Main Question is Where  
and How?



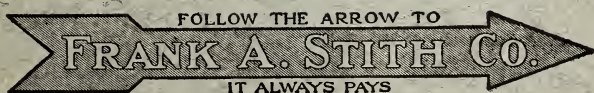
This Store Offers our Twenty Years experience in Buying and Fitting.

We handle only Lines of Established Quality and Value, but at prices often lower than inferior goods—never higher.

**Suits and Overcoats**

**\$15 to \$48**

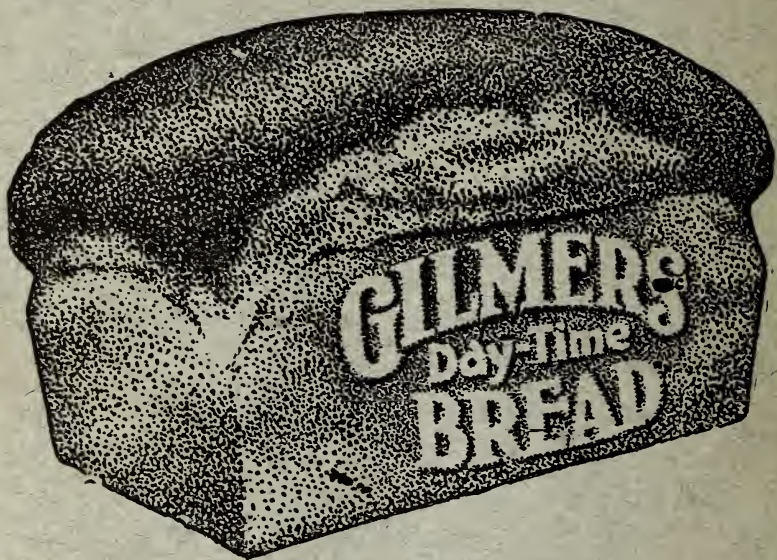
**Boys Suits too**





# GILMERS' BREAD

*"The Staff of Life"*



**I**T IS a perfect Bread of which one never tires and which combines in itself all the elements that the body needs for growth and development. It costs no more than the ordinary kind. Gilmers Day-Time Bread is famous for its purity and healthful qualities. Made in a sanitary Bakery, of the best ingredients that will Satisfy and Gratify.

